

43
8 — - - sure share, our joy, our plea - sure share.

48
8

52
8 FINE Leave thy pas - sion till to-

56
8 - mor - row, Let the day be free from sor-row, Free from love and free from care, free from

61
8 love and free from care, free from love and free from care. D.C.

Nº 8 (Recit - Acis) - LO! HERE MY LOVE

ACIS

Lo! here my love! Turn, Ga-la-te-a, hi-ther turn thine eyes, See at thy feet, the long-ing A-cis lies.

Nº 9 (Air - Acis) - LOVE IN HER EYES SITS PLAYING

Larghetto
ACIS

Love in her eyes sits play - ing, And

sheds de-li - cious death; Love in her lips is stray - ing, And war - bling in her breath,

11
8 Love in her lips is stray - ing, And war - bling in her breath,

14
8 Love in her eyes sits play-ing, love in her eyes sits play-ing, And sheds de - li - cious

17
8 death; Love in her eyes sits play-ing, love in her eyes sits play - ing, sits

20
8 play-____-ing, And sheds de - li - cious death; Love in her lips is stray - ing, And war - bling in her

23
8 breath, _____ and war - bling in her breath.

26

30

FINE

Love in her breast sits pan - ting, And swells with soft de - sire; No

33

grace, no charm is wan - ting, no grace, no charm is wan - ting, To set the heart on fire, to

36

set the heart on fire, No grace, no charm is wan - ting, To set the heart on fire, No

39

grace, no charm is wan - ting, To set the heart on fire. D.C.

Nº 10 (Recit - Galatea) - O DIDST THOU KNOW

GALATEA

O didst thou know the pains of ab-sent love, A-cis would ne'er from Ga-la-te-a rove.

Nº 11 (Air - Galatea) - AS WHEN THE DOVE LAMENTS HER LOVE

Andante

GALATEA

As when the dove la-ments her love, All on the na-ked spray,

10

19

As when the dove la-ments her love, All on the na-ked spray,

28

When he re-turns, no more she mourns, But loves the live-long

37

day, but loves the live-long day.

46

As when the dove la - ments her

55

love, All on the na - ked spray, When he re - turns, no more she mourns, no more she mourns,

65

no, no, no, When he re - turns, no

74

more she mourns, But loves the live-long day. When he re-

84

- turns, no more she mourns, But loves, but

95

loves the live-long day.

104

111

FINE Bil-ling, coo - ing,

FINE *p*

121

pan-ting, woo - ing, Mel - ting mur- -murs

129

fill the grove, _____ mel - ting mur -

136

_____ -murs, las - ting love, Mel - ting mur - murs fill the grove,

143

mel - ting mur - murs, las - ting love. Bil - ling, coo - ing,

150

pan - ting, woo - ing, Mel - ting mur - murs

157

fill the grove, mel - ting mur - murs, las - ting love.

165

173

D.S. al Fine
As

D.S. al Fine
p

Nº 12 Duet - (Galatea & Acis) and Chorus - HAPPY WE

(See Editor's Note on page 2)

Presto
f

5 GALATEA

ACIS

Hap - py, hap - py,

9

Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py

8

hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py

13

we, hap - py we, hap - py, hap - py

8

we, hap - py, hap - py we, hap - py, hap - py

17

-py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we,

8

-py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we,

21

hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we, hap - py,

8

hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

tr *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef), a piano line (treble clef), and a piano line (bass clef). The lyrics are 'Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, trills (tr), and dynamics (p, f). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass line and more complex figures in the treble line, including trills and slurs.

25

py we, hap- -py, hap - py

8 hap - py, hap - py we, hap- -py, hap-py, hap - py

f

29

we, hap- -py, hap- -py, hap - py we.

8 we, hap- -py, hap- -py, hap - py we.

f

33

tr

tr

f

37

What joys I feel, Of all youth, thou dear-est boy!

8 What charms I see, Of all

p

41

Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy, thou
 nymphs, thou bright fair! Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy, thou

44

all my bliss, thou all my joy! What joys I feel,
 all my bliss, thou all my joy! What

p sempre

47

Of all youth, thou dearest boy! Thou
 charms I see, Of all nymphs, thou bright fair! Thou

50

all my bliss, thou all my joy, thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!
 all my bliss, thou all my joy, thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

Coro segue